

PLUS ULTRA

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*This is misblat, &  
should be after y<sup>e</sup> next  
piece.*

SECOND PART

Of the Character of a

QUAKER

WITH

Reflections on a Pittiful Sheet, Pre-  
tended to be an Answer to the Former.

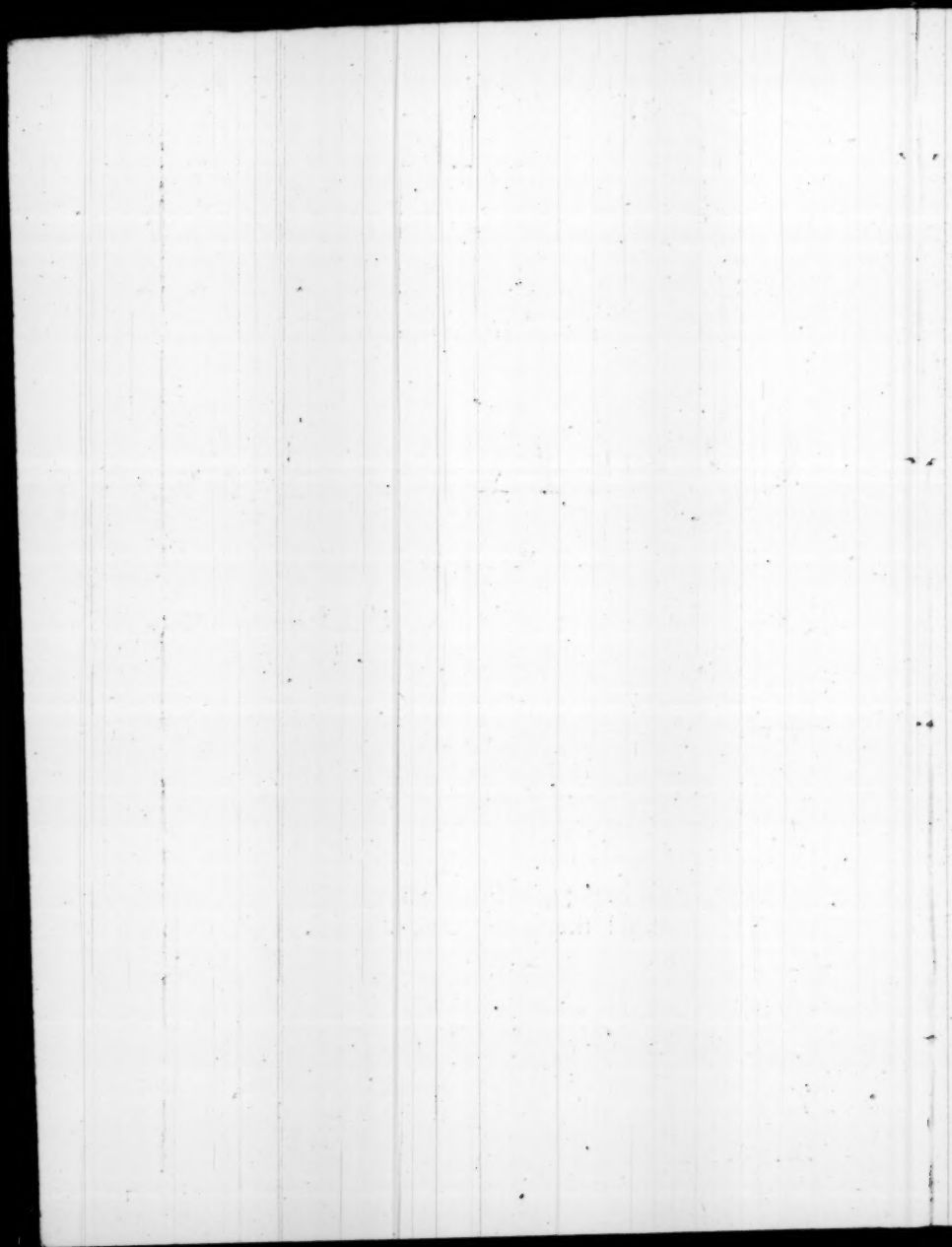
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*— D A Iustum Sanctumque videri  
Nōtem Peccatis & Fraudibus objice nubem;  
If that my Deeds of Darknes may  
Be wrapt in Clouds as black as they?  
If being ugly I may paint  
Oh! then I am a true new Saint;*

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(1)

# PLUS ULTRA

O R

The Second part of the Character of a  
QUAKER.

A QUAKER is an *Everlasting Argument*; For like *Afrique* he is daily  
Teeming with some *new Monster*:  
He that can describe him *fully* may boast  
he hath *squared the Circle*. To term him  
*Gomorrhah-Apple*, *Painted Tomb*, or *varnish'd*  
*Rottenness* doth not reach him; He is ra-  
ther an *Apothecaries guilt Box*, inscribed  
with the glorious Title of some *Elixar*,  
but filled with *Arsenicke* or worse *Venom*;  
A dull lump wherein *Lucifer* hath plaid  
*Promethens's* part; For of him the *Apostle*  
is a *Prophet*, *His tongue is set on fire of Hell*;  
The *Materia Prima* of this *Religious Cro-*  
*codile* is a certain *Natural Melancholly* or

A 2

*sullen*.

*sullen discontent*; And his *animating forme*, *Pride and singularity blended*: His looks and habit cry; *Pray observe me*, and his whole deportment is *starched and affected*, you may take his *Face*, for a new fashioned *Sun-Dial* where the *forced wrinkles* represent *Howe-Lines*, and his *Tunable Nose* the *Gnomon*: He is oft-times as *lean* as *Famine*, yet not out of *abstinence* but *Envy*, and his *paleness* is rather the *Paint* of his *Hypocrisie*, than any effect of *Mortification*: He is commonly in his *Youth* a profest Practitioner in all kind of *Luxury*: And as soon as *shame* or the smarting products of his *debaucheries* awaken him, to think of *amendment*; the Devil hurries him into the *contrary extream*, teaching him to scruple the most *innocent things*, that he may with the better *Gloss* perpetrate those that are *abominable*. Hence-forwards he shuts the Devil out at the Gate, and lets him in at the back door, becomes

becomes at once *Bigot* and *Impious*, and weaves with the thred of his life a mixed stufse of *Superstition* and *Atheisme*. To ask, what it is a Clock he counts the Language of *Ashdod*, and you were as good speak *Arabick* as say *Here's to you Sir*, his Religion is nothing but *Phrases*, being a superstitious observer of new *Minted Modes* of speaking, whereby he commits an *absurdity*, yet tells a *Truth* when he calls the most wicked and flagitious friends, when he lyes with his *Neighbours wife*, 'tis not out of *Lust*, but only to raise up a *faithful seed*. And if he wants *Money*, he need only say to one of his Gang, *The Lord hath sent me to borrow of thee forty Shillings*: He sometimes studies the *Law* that he may violate it with the fairer pretences: And reads the *Bible* only to furnish himself with *Scripture-names* to call those he intends to quarrel with, *Reprobate Child of Perdition*, *Son of Belial* &c. If he have  
any

any *smattering in learning*; *Fidlers*, *Perri-wigmakers* or *Tirewomen* love him, not worse than his quondam *Schoolmaster*; who indeed with reason calls him *ungrateful*: Since he *Scornes* to own whence he suckt that little stock of *Pedantry*. For he impudently brags Heaven sent it him, to rights for a token; He therefore damns *Humane learning* in general, and cries it *puffeth up*; yet devoutly admires those *humble ones* of his own cast; who lately to ostentate the *Prodigiosity* of their Parts, obliged the World with a *Battle-Door* in two and twenty languages on no more serious occasion than to teach us to *Thou* people *learnedly*: He reverenceth the Memory of *Fox* and *Nailor*, but mentions *Peter* and *Paul* as familiarly as if they were his *fellows*, he cannot allow them the Title of *Saints*, yet boasts himself enthroned in a state of *perfection*: If he ever *fasts* 'tis on some *Festival*

*Festival*, and Resents no *Idolatry* so Heinous as not opening Shop on *Christmas* day; He defyes its *superstitious Plumbroth*, and will rather *surfeit* on *Mince Pyes* any other time then touch one then; when he has a mind to be *cross*, he cries he is not *free*, and with a *solemne verily* puts off: unsuspected the *veriest Lyes* imaginable: There is certainly some want of *Symmetry* in his Head which makes him hate all *Harmony*: Yet at their *Conventicles* you may fancy a kind of *Musick*: For the Men and Women *sighing and groaning in consort* make an odd noise like the *great and small Pipes* of an *Organ*; he cannot performe a *Religious Exercise* without a fit of *Railing* as well as *Quaking*: He is most *Sagacious* at *Damning Folks*, and delights in *curfing* as much as good men do in *blefing*, his very *Preaching* is a *Satyre*, and the most *zealous* of his talk a malicious *Invective* against  
all

all that are not as mad as himself. Yet still you must believe him *meek and lowly*; For when he hath outdone *Bil-linsgate* for Scurrility and opprobrious *Termes*, he tells you it is only *his earnest contending for the truth*; His *Doctrine* is a *Gospel* of about *thirty Years* standing, and he is a *Christian* without *Baptisme* or *Ordinance*, *Creed* or *Catechisme* in *Germany* he is called a *Paracelsian*, and some *wantons* of the *Family of love* first dropt the *Brat* in our *Streets*; Indeed he is a *Religious Proteus* so slipperie no *Definition* can hold him, for by keeping the main body of his *Opinions* in *Hugger Mugger*, and displaying or concealing them, as he spies advantages he reserves alwayes a *Hole* for *retreat*: So that if you insist on any *Blasphemous Tenet*, or *extravagant Prank*, he stops your *Mouth* with *Alas!* *Friends* never owned it; Thus whereas the *Ancient Apostles* did  
preach

preach up *Faith, Hope, Love, Righteousness, Peace and Joy* in the Holy Ghost: These *new Seers* ramble about to establish certain *little Fopperies*, as if the Salvation of the World depended on the preaching down *Points, Cuffs, Tyth pigs and Pulpit-Hower-Glasses*: He is a kind of *Spiritual Gipsy* that describes *Grace and Piety* by the Lines of the *Physiognomy*, and confines *Christianity* to such a *Complexion* or *Habit*, being confident, that cannot be a *Wedding Garment* that hath any *trimming*: Thus *Ambition* makes him affect a *ridiculous Humility*. And he is proud by *Antiperistasis*—

---So Beggars boast their rags, and may deride  
The Pomp of Kings, but with a greater Pride  
Meekness consists not in the cloaths but Heart  
Nature may be vain glorious, well as Art: :  
We may as lowly, before GOD appear  
Drest with an Orient Pearl, as with a tear

*In his high presence, where the Stars and Sun  
 Do but Eclipse, there's no Ambition:  
 Glory can never render GOD the less,  
 Neither can Beauty defile holiness:  
 What's more magnificent than Heav'n, yet where  
 Is there more love and Piety than there?*

*But stay — We must proceed with Caution though a Quaker defy's the Battoon and temporal Sword, he is a parlous Gamester at the Goose-quill: Tis no small attempt to encounter a Party whose impious Penn hath presumed to Duel the Sacred Trinity; Behold! the old muddy Stile is laid by, and an Answer comes reaking with Fumes of Babylonish Rhetorick: The Libeller Characterized; Monstrum Horrendum! would it not prove a Second poyson to Overbury, and startle Cleavelands Ghost to see Yea and Nay, write Characters? It seems our Pettifogging Friend T. R. stands alwayes prest to rail in the behalf of his Faction,*  
 and

and ready for a Fee to Stigmatize all that would expose them: A most fit *Advocate* for such a *Cause*, who cannot conceal himself if he would, for at First view his *Ears* shoot out of his Skin, and present him perfect *Assè*, his Pamphlet is fronted with a *Bull-rampant*, and he posts himself for a *Libeller* in the *Title-page*, whilst he calls it, the *Libeller* (characterized by his own hand. Trust me, I cannot but pitty the Fools *Disease*, he hath got a *Flux* of Gall, or a certain *Splenetick Looseness*, which turns his *Excrements* the wrong way and his Mouth *Stools*: Dobut observe I pray! How the *Gall'd* *Fade* winces, I find there is no giving him a *Drench* for the *Staggers* without *Barnacles*, you may know by the Beasts *tearing* and *foaming*; our *Arrows* stick in his *Sides*, our former *Draught* hath toucht him to the *quick*, and now like a *Woman* grown old and ugly, he

throws Stones at the *Glaß* that shews him his own *Deformity*, he would make us believe; that 'tis *Christian* to cheat ones *Neighbour*, provided it be done in *Scripture Language*, and confess his own *Sobriety* is but an *Appearance*, whilst he Cloaks with a *Modest Dress* Impieties that a *vertuous Pagan* would blush at : He makes *Conscience* the *Stalking-Nag* over which he hopes securely to give *Fire* at any *Game*, and being a worthless *terrac-filius* himself, envies others those *civil honours* due to their *Quality* and *merits*. His talk of the *Resurrection* and *Souls immortality* is to be construed according to some *mental Reservation*, or else he speaks contrary to his *Principles*, and his good word for the *Innocent Protestants* is only a *Copy of his countenance*.

When he mentions *Christ* he does it *Allegorically*, and with an *Equivocation*, and to *Preach the Light* (in his sense) must needs

needs be *insignificant Babble*, since he affirms *all* men have *Light sufficient* already within them: He counts his *impudent Huffing* Court of Judicature to be only a demand of *civil Liberty*, and sawcily calls *Acts of Parliament* the decrees and *Sic-Volo's* of a *private Cabal*, he wipes his Mouth to create an Opinion of his *chastity*, yet (like a *Young Wench* when she hears a *wanton Jest*) lets us know by his *Simpering* that he understands *Tokens of Letchery*; But what need he keep *Concubines* at Home, when every *Conventicle* serves for a *Seraglio*: He counts all them *Haters of Gods worship* that condemn his *Disobedient Froliques* at *Devonshire House*, and having made it his *business* to divide and distract, wonders any should turn *Incendiaries*, he prefers a corner conveniently, or the base *Multiplicamini* of a *Midnight meeting* before the Churches grave manner of Solemnizing *Marriage*, and thinks  
the

the *Priests Fee* may be better bestow'd on a *provocative Posset* for carrying on the *work of Generation*: The *patience, meekness* and *self-denial* of the *Quaking Spirit* is sufficiently apparent in this *Hair-brain'd Scribler*, whose *work* is indeed a true *Character* of his Party, whilst *mad with rage* he Belches out, he cares not *what*, against he knows not *whom*; But we shall take no further notice of this *Puifne Libeller* then to laugh at his *folly*, and will leave our *shivering Hypocrite* to his End; which (if he scape turning open *Ranter*) is without repentance to go to *Hell* in a *Saints Livery*, and Steal his own Damnation.

E I N I S.

## A Postscript to the Reader.

**A**S Gamesters that once luckily have thrown  
Proceed and fondly think Fortune their own,  
Till the perfidious Dice their hopes betray  
And force them to go Moneyless away:  
So the Author having swept the Stakes of late  
Is tempted once again to set to's Fate,  
The First Part did your kind Acceptance meet  
'Tis hop'd you so too will this Second greet;  
But if you prove more sullen now than then,  
May you ne'er be in good humour agen,  
But turn Quakers, and so at Bedlam have  
An Asses Burial, an unpittied Grave.